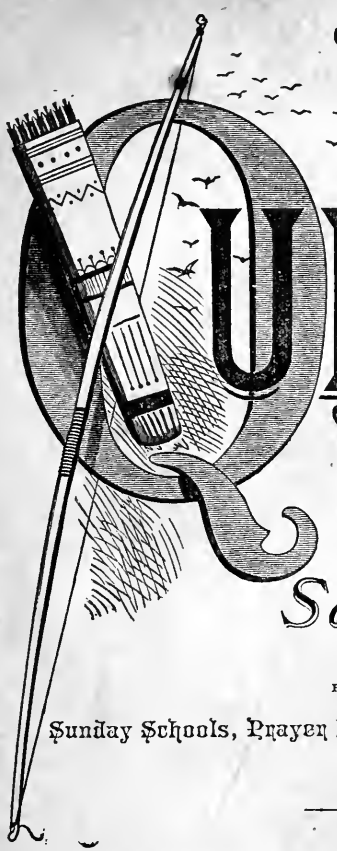


The QUIVER

OF

Sacred Song,

FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools, Prayer Meetings, Gospel Meetings, Etc.

BY

John R. Sweney and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

"HOOD'S NOTATION" IS INTRODUCED,
consisting of Improvements, NOT HERETOFORE PUBLISHED, *in the method of representing Musical Notes.*

F-46112
Sw42q

Philadelphia:
BY JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 ARCH ST.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

PRICE, board covers, 35 cents per copy, by mail; $3.60 per doz., by express.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division SCC

Section 5877

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Calvin College

http://www.archive.org/details/quiverofsacredso00swen

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUN 25 1934
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE

QUIVER OF SACRED SONG,

FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools, Prayer Meetings, Gospel Meetings, etc.

—BY—

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

"HOOD'S NOTATION" IS INTRODUCED,

consisting of Improvements, NOT HERETOFORE PUBLISHED, *in the method of representing Musical Notes.*

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 ARCH ST.

Copyright, 1880, *by JOHN J. HOOD.*

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

PREFACE

THE purpose of THE QUIVER is set forth in the title page: keeping in view the high objects therein expressed, we have endeavored to the utmost of our ability to provide suitable and excellent hymns and music. We trust that this humble effort to advance the work of the Master will obtain His approval and blessing.

JOHN R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

TAKE the Arrows from the QUIVER,
Bright with truth's immortal ray,
Bend the Bow, and at a venture
Speed them to their mark away.
May they wake the cold and languid,
And the foolish ones that sleep
With their lamps untrimmed and empty,
When their souls a watch should keep.

May they rouse to earnest labor
In the vineyard of the Lord,
And receive a power and quickness
From the Spirit's mighty sword.
Swift their flight and unresisting,
Such as every one may feel,
Leaving precious wounds behind them
Only Jesus' love can heal.

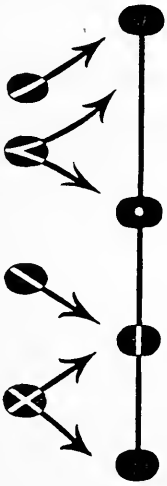
FANNY J. CROSBY.

HOOD'S NOTATION.

A HELP TO STUDENTS OF MUSIC IN OBSERVING THE CONSTRUCTION AND PROGRESSION OF CHORDS.

IN order to assist the musical student in observing the special characteristics of the notes of the scale, and their relationship to each other in the combinations of melody and harmony, HOOD'S NOTATION marks each note by an appropriate sign. The following table explains the meaning expressed by the signs, gives the laws of correct harmony governing the resolution of the notes represented, and tries to describe the mental quality most prominent in each note.

NOTES OF THE SCALE, THEIR CHARACTERISTICS, ETC.

NAME.	NOTATION SIGN.	TENDENCY.	MENTAL QUALITY.	INDICATING SIGN.
DO		Repose.	Firm, solid. . .	A circle, or plain note-head.
SI		Leads to DO. . . .	Acute, restless. .	Acute, or upward sloping line.
LA		Leads to DO or SOL.	Mournful. . .	Two contrary sloping lines, at angle.
SOL		Repose.	Bright, ringing. .	Circle or note with centre dot
FA		Leads to MI. . . .	Grave, sombre. .	Grave, downward sloping line.
MI		Repose.	Mild, calm. . .	Perpendicular line.
RE		Leads to DO or MI.	Rousing, cheerful.	Two contrary sloping lines, forming cross.
DO		Repose.	Firm, solid. . .	A circle, or plain note-head.

EXPLANATORY.

In the above diagram notes of repose are placed on the right side, these form the TONIC CHORD, on the left side are placed notes of motion. All chords that have one or more notes of motion must be resolved, at or before the close of the piece, into the Tonic Chord.

OBSERVE,

1. The *absence* of sloping lines in a chord or combination of notes indicates the Tonic Chord, or "chord of repose."

Tonic Chord or Chord of Repose.

2. The *presence* of one or more sloping lines in a chord indicates that it is a "chord of motion."

Principal Chords of Motion.

3. The *direction* in which the line slopes shows the most satisfactory progression for resolving the note indicated.

Correct methods of Resolution.

4. When a chord consists of notes represented by mixed (sloping and other) signs,

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

only such as are represented by sloping lines resolve as indicated in the diagram, those represented by signs belonging to notes of the Tonic Chord remain stationary, and form a portion of the succeeding chord.

Usual treatment of non-resolving notes.

When, as in the above example, non-resolving notes are doubled, while one remains stationary the other commonly goes to the root of the following chord.

5. A positive change of Key, lasting several measures, requires a new signature and signs corresponding. (*See page 92.*)

EXCEPTIONS.

The most frequent and satisfactory apologies for the progression of parts in a contrary direction to that indicated by the signs are the following:—

1. The occurrence of an Accidental.

2. A passing or brief Change of Key.

3. The avoidance of moving in parallel octaves or fifths between parts.

4. The avoidance of doubling the Third of a chord.

5. The resolution may be Delayed or suspended.

6. When it is desired to strengthen the succeeding chord, or when a figure of melody seems to demand it, resolution can be accomplished by proxy, the note being taken by a different part.

7. While the chord remains unchanged, parts can move in any direction.

In pursuance of this delightful subject, let the musical student carefully examine the construction, tendency, and mental quality of Chords, let him become familiar with each both by hearing and seeing; observe whether or not the parts move as indicated by the signs, if they do, note their smoothness, if they do not so move, try to discover which of the above apologies will meet the case. By practice of this kind all the advantages to be derived from Object Teaching will be secured for this hitherto most difficult of subjects,—the laws of musical harmony.

MAJOR SCALES.

Key of C.

Key of G.

Key of D.

Key of A.

Key of E.

Key of F.

Key of B♭.

Key of E♭.

Key of A♭.

Key of D♭.

CAUTION.—The signs and characters peculiar to Hood's Notation being copyright property, all persons are hereby cautioned against unlawfully printing or publishing the same or any portion thereof.

JOHN J. HOOD,
Proprietor and Publisher.

THE QUIVER.

There is None like Thee.

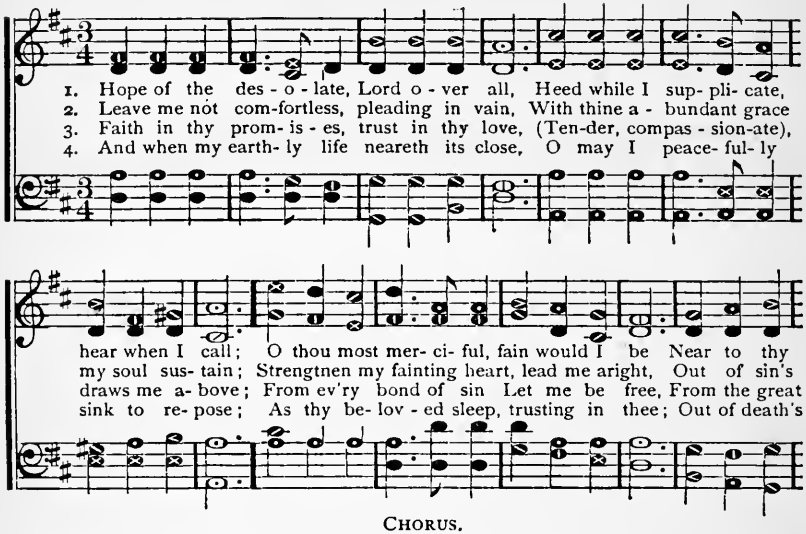
FANNY J. CROSBY. OPENING HYMN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Mighty Deliv'rer.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



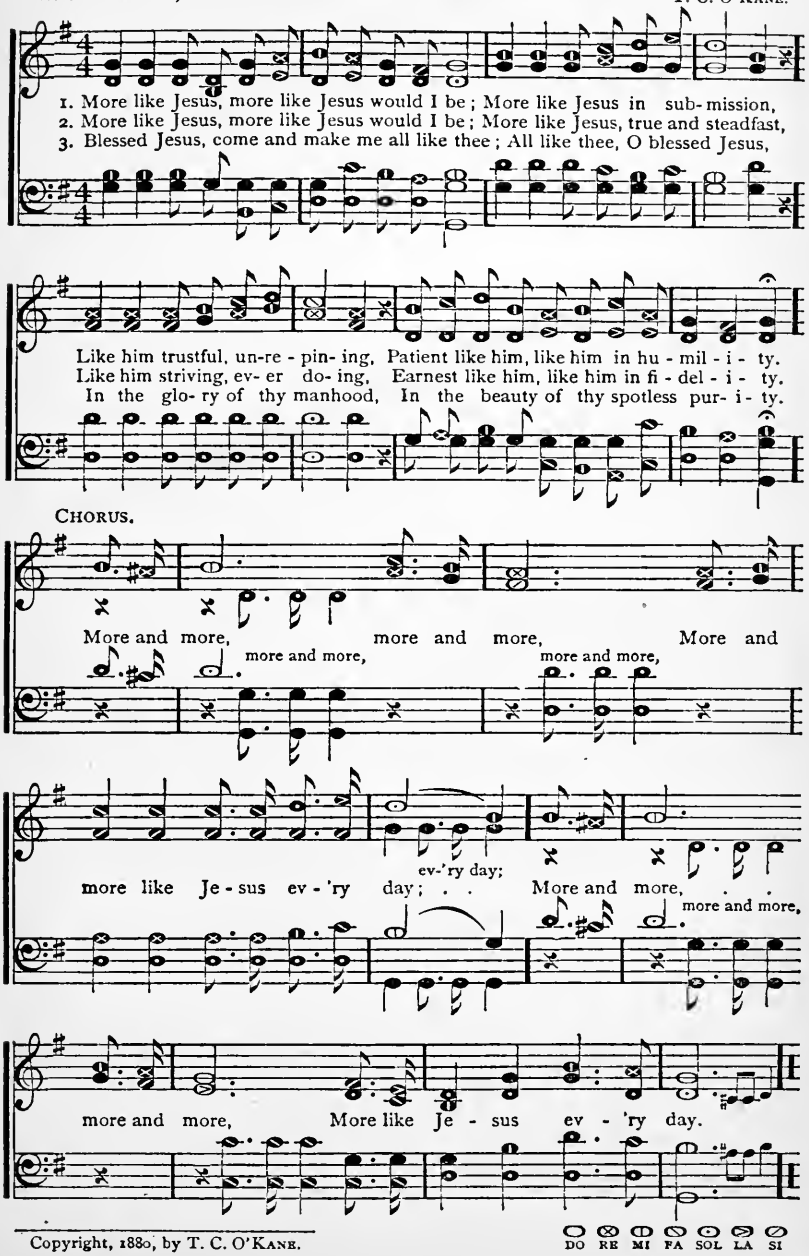
Chorus.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

More like Jesus.

Rev. F. Merrick, D.D. T. C. O'Kane.



Copyright, 1880, by T. C. O'Kane.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

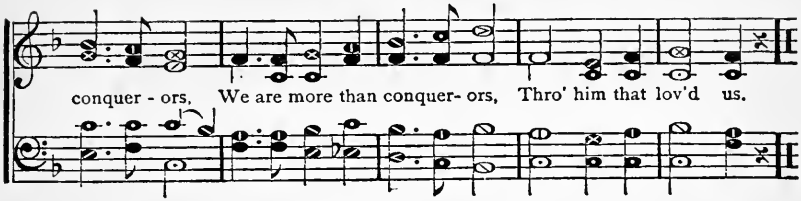
We are More than Conquerors.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." 2 Chr. xx. 17.

Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Jno. R. Sweney.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

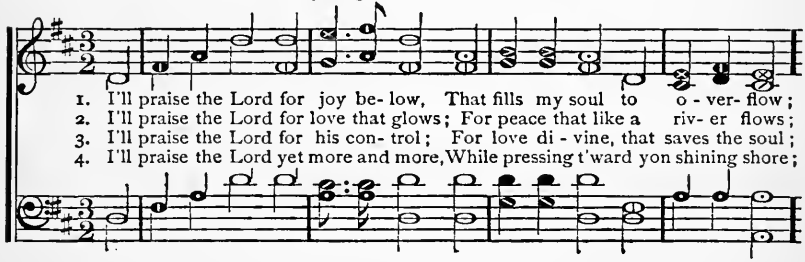


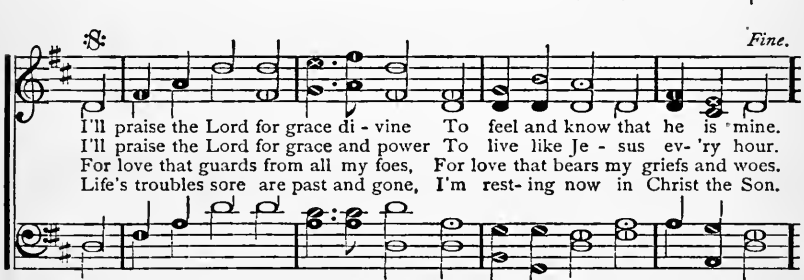
3 Depths that are beneath us,
Heights that are above us,
Have no power to sunder,
Since He stooped to love us.

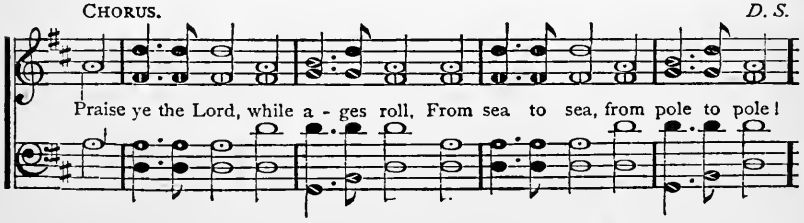
Prince of our Redemption,
Sons to glory bringing,
Thou hast made from sinners
Victors, crowned and singing.—*Cho.*

Present Salvation.

C. E. P. "Rejoicing in the fulness of God." CHESTER E. POND.







By permission.

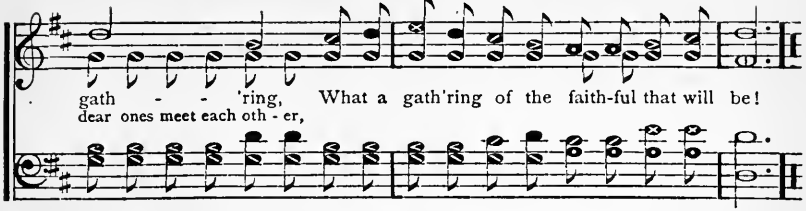
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me." Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

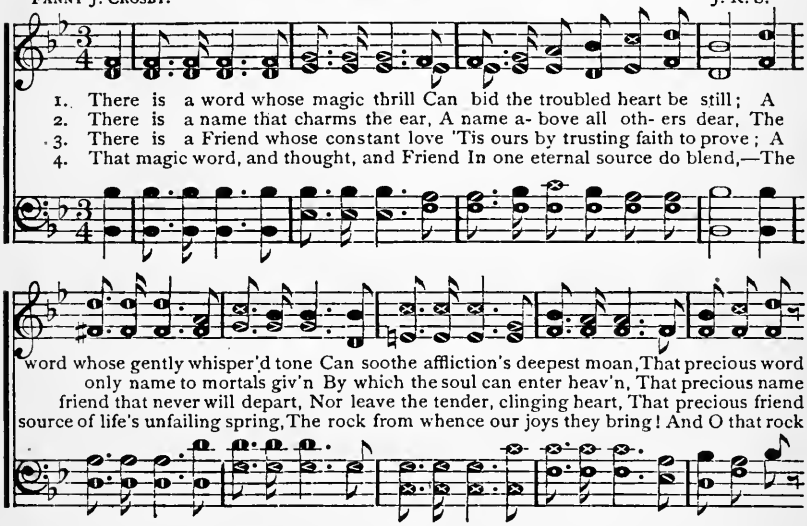
From "Song Treasury," by per.

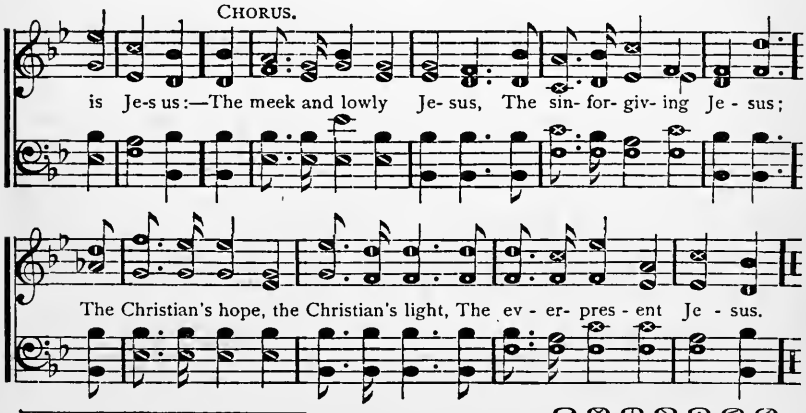
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI



11 Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. R. S.





Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

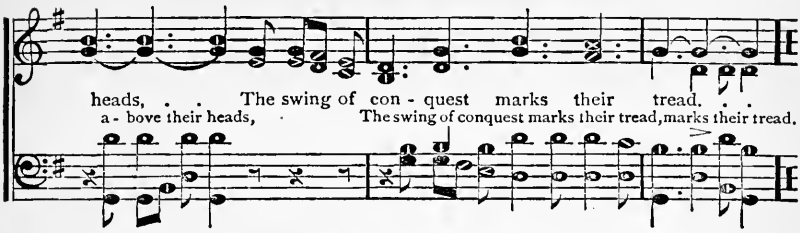
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Swing of Conquest.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI



Saviour Mine.

EMMA S. STILWELL. JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Are You Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Ere the Sun goes down.

Josephine Pollard. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Reap To-day.

JAS. NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, by JOHN J. HOOD.

B

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Bind Me closer every Day.

Rev. Joseph H. Martin. Geo. C. Hugg.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Jesus has died for Me.

From "Little Sower." Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

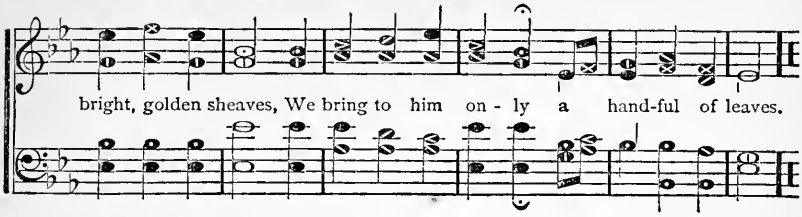
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

A handful of Leaves.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI



Guard the Entrance.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

United.

Mrs. Helen E. Brown. Robert Edwards.

5 Peace flows through me like a river,
Heaven is begun;
For the King, the royal giver,
Christ and I are one.

All he has is mine forever,
Nothing is denied,
From the Bridegroom nought can sever
The accepted bride.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

By permission.

Almost Saved.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

4 Almost saved, almost saved,
Thy feet so near the threshold wait;
The gracious invitation sounds
Still from the open gate.

5 Almost saved, almost saved,
Come in, imperil not thy soul;
Oh, do not linger on the brink,
And fail to reach the goal.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

How can I live without Jesus.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Mark xxviii. 20.
"Without me ye can do nothing."—Jn. xv. 5.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE. *"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."* JNO. R. SWENEY.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

We're Marching to Zion.

I. Watts. Rev. R. Lowry.

By permission of Messrs. Biglow & Main.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The whole wide World for Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Panting for Thee.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."
PSALM xlii. 1.

L. A. JONES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

As pants the Hart.

PSALM xlii.

LYTE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh,
When ev'ry heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, by JOHN R. SWENEY.

My Shepherd.

Rev. Joseph H. Martin. Psalm xxiii. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

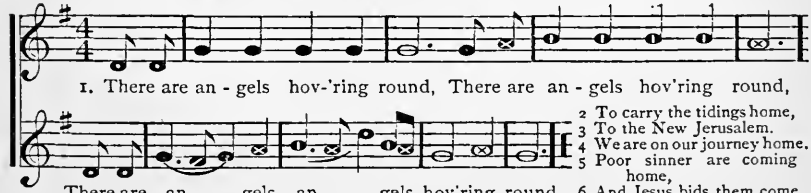
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,
And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,
The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,
With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.
With gladness dispelling its gloom

4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;
My cup with abundance and joy overflows;
He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.
He heals all my woes, all my woes.

5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,
My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;
I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
And sing of his grace and his love.

Angels hovering round.



2 To carry the tidings home,
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 We are on our journey home.
5 Poor sinner are coming home,
6 And Jesus bids them come.

7 Let him that heareth come,
8 And he that is thirsty come,
9 And whosoever will may come.
10 There's glory all around!

Full Surrender.

"We have left all and followed thee."—Mark x. 28.

Rev. C. W. L. Christien. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 Blessed Spirit, thou hast brought me
Thus my all to give;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.

6 Show thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging Friend;
Keep me till, in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

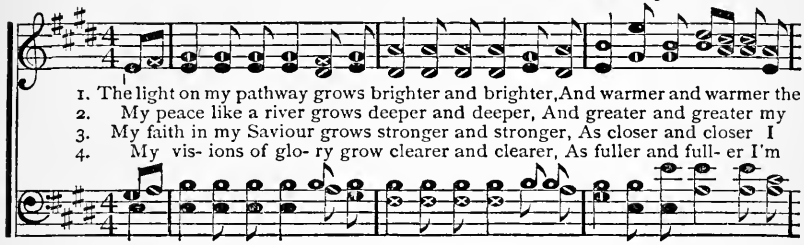
Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

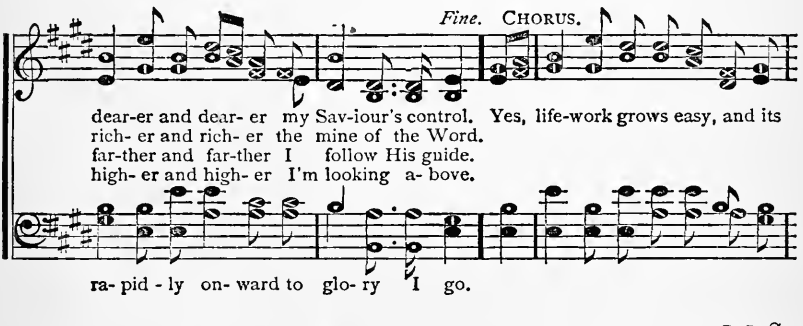
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

My Pathway grows Brighter.

" The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."
PROV. iv. 18.

CHESTER E. POND. JNO. R. SWENEY.





COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

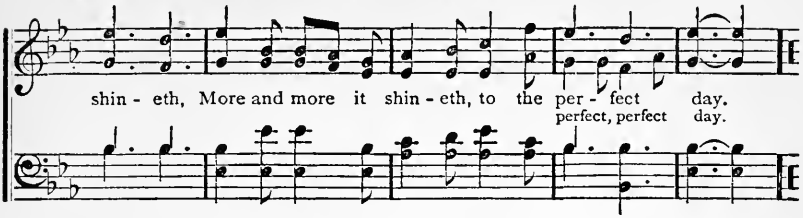
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

More and more it Shineth.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

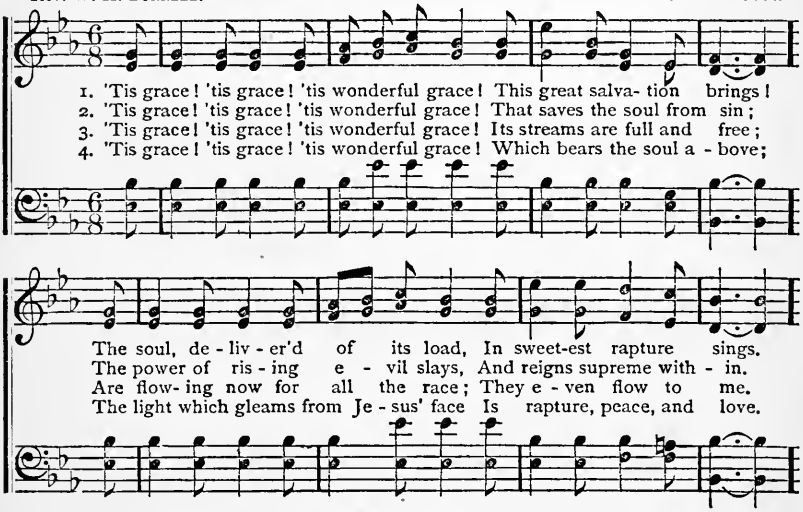
MARY D. JAMES. PR. iv. 18. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

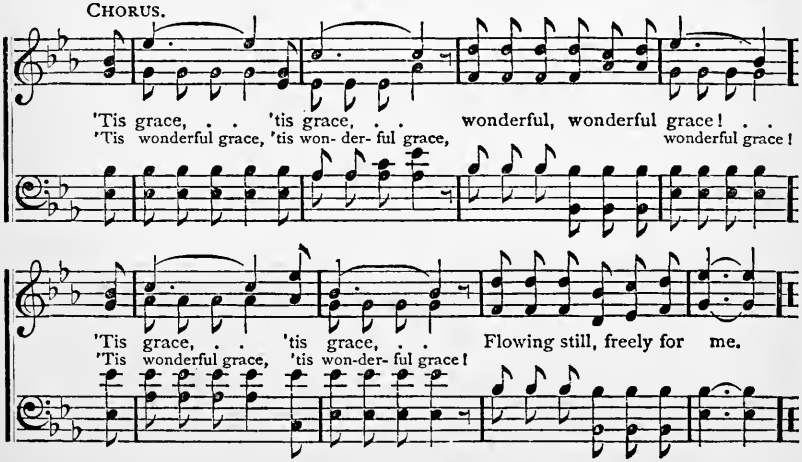
COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.



Wonderful Grace.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Rev. I. Baltzell.

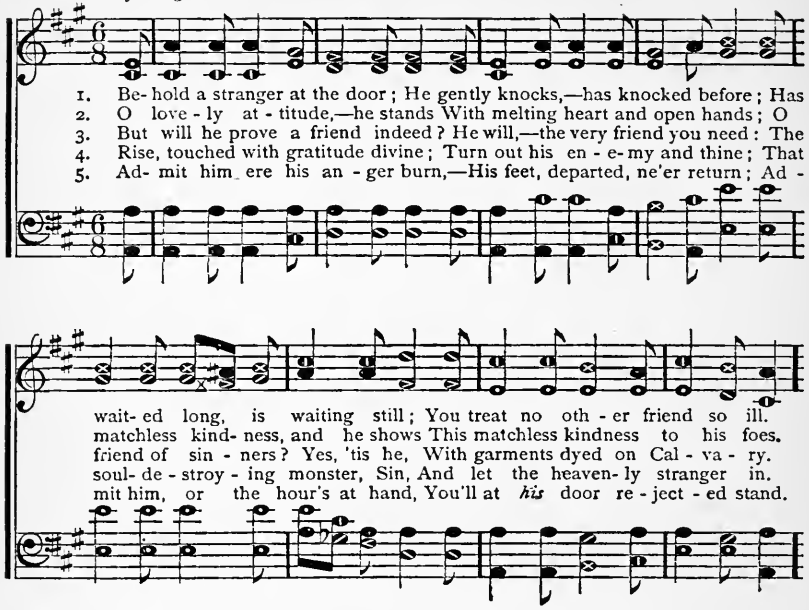




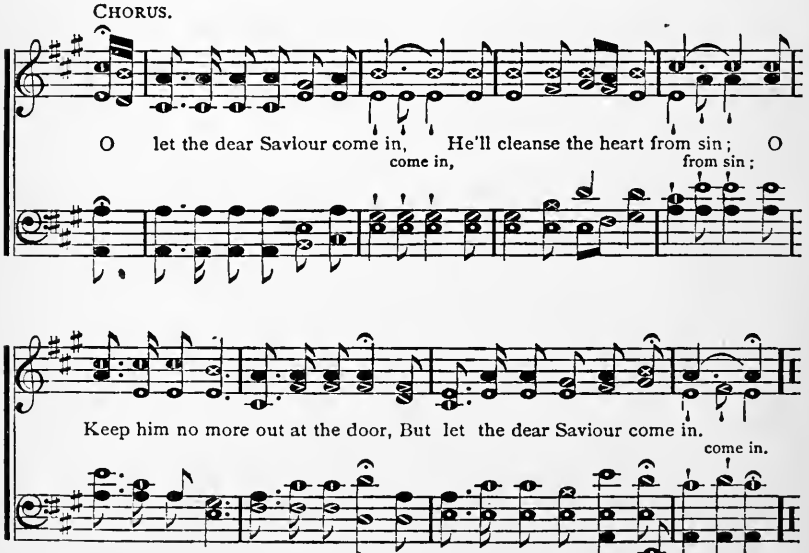
From "Praise Offering," by per.

The Stranger at the Door.

With feeling. T. C. O'Kane.



CHORUS.

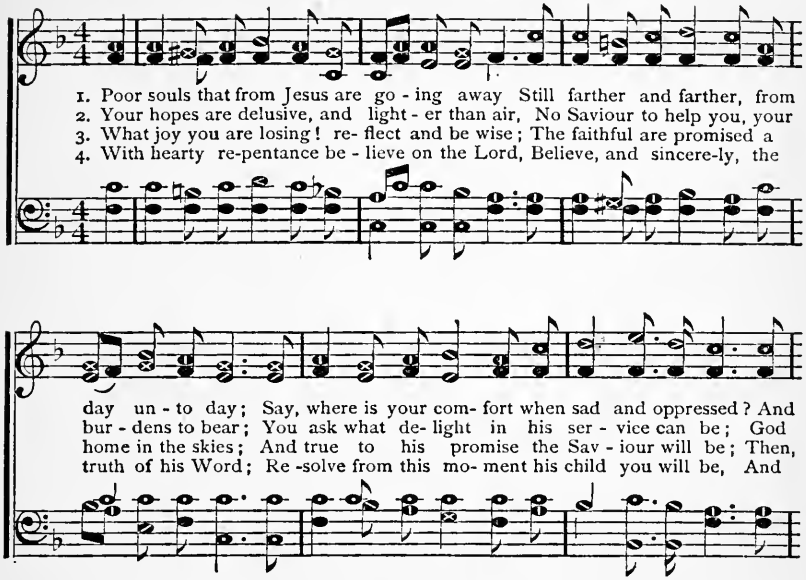


By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

O try it, and see.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.



COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Wanderer.

Rev. J. M. ENGARD. Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

My Father's Welcome.

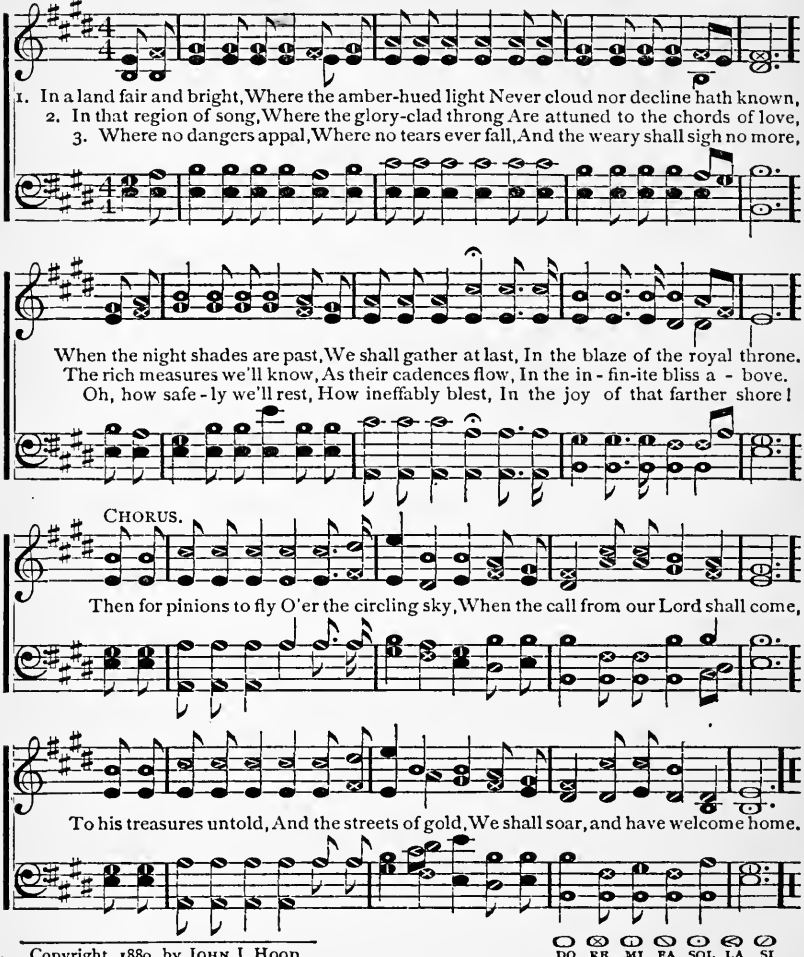
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

In a Land fair and bright.

W. H. RUDDIMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

BY AND BY.

1 We speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there.

Cho.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there.

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there.

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there.

5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

The Bible.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Lost but Found.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.

3 Lost but found! I now can sing
Vict'ry through my Saviour King,
‖: Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour; :‖
Vict'ry still will be my song
When I join the ransom'd throng,
‖: Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. :‖

4 O that all the world would prove
How a pard'ning God can love,
‖: How he waits for all who come! :‖
O that all the world might see
What his grace hath done for me!
‖: How he welcomes wand'rers home.: ‖

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin. By per.

Key Ab. **TAKE ME AS I AM.** Tune in The Garner, p. 60.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Chorus.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

In the Strength of Jesus.

"Be strong in the Lord."—Eph. vi. 10.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Satisfied By and by.

Theme of Chorus from WEBSTER. T. C. O'KANE.

From "Joy to the World." By per.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

O Sinner, come Home.

Rev. Enoch Stubbs. Jno. R. Sweney.

4 Thy robe shall be white, as tho' never by sin
A spot or a stain of uncleanness had been;
The angels shall boast not a holier wing
Than sinners who songs of salvation may sing.

5 There's famine around thee, and sorrow within;
Thy master is cruel; there's no hope in sin;
But, coming to Jesus, the feast of his love
Will fill thee with rapture, like that felt above.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Keep me ever close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

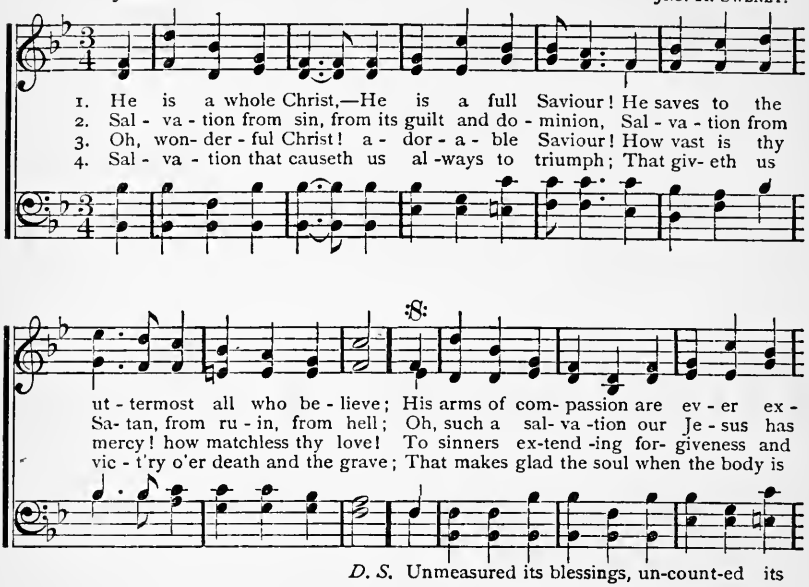
Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Great Salvation.

"He is a whole Christ,—a full Saviour! Glory to God for such a salvation!"—
Last words of Bishop Haven.

Marv D. James. Jno. R. Sweney.



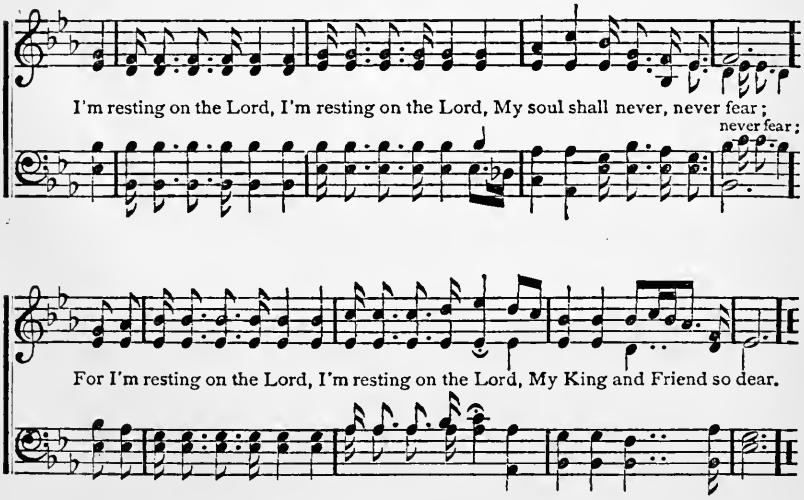
Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

Resting on the Lord.

"Help us, O LORD our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name go against this multitude."
2 CHRON. xiv. 11.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHORUS.



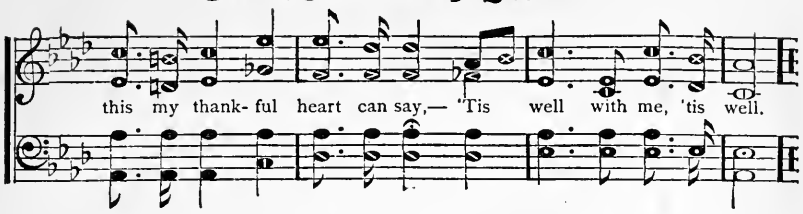
COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

'Tis Well with Me.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, by JOHN R. SWENEY.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI



On to the Field.

W. H. RUDDIMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Tell me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Love that Redeemed.

Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Home beyond the River.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Geo. C. Hugg.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

At the Golden Landing.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Fount of Bliss.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

To see My Saviour There.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. CHURCH, JR.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

All to Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Chorus arr. for this work.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

All to Thee.—CONCLUDED.

5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Isa. xxvi. 3.

THOS. H. ERVIN.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Into His Image.

E. R. Latta. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Fount of Mercy.

Rev. J. M. ENGARD. Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

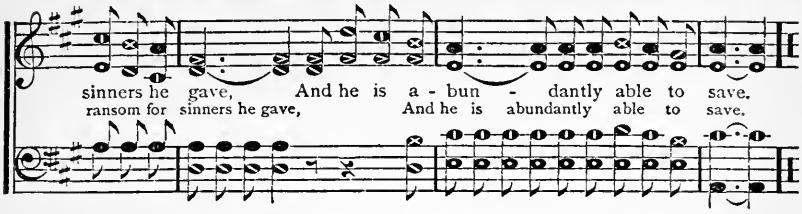
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Abundantly Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per. P. P. Bliss.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI



The Lay of the Heavenly Land.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Eye hath not Seen it.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. ii. 9.

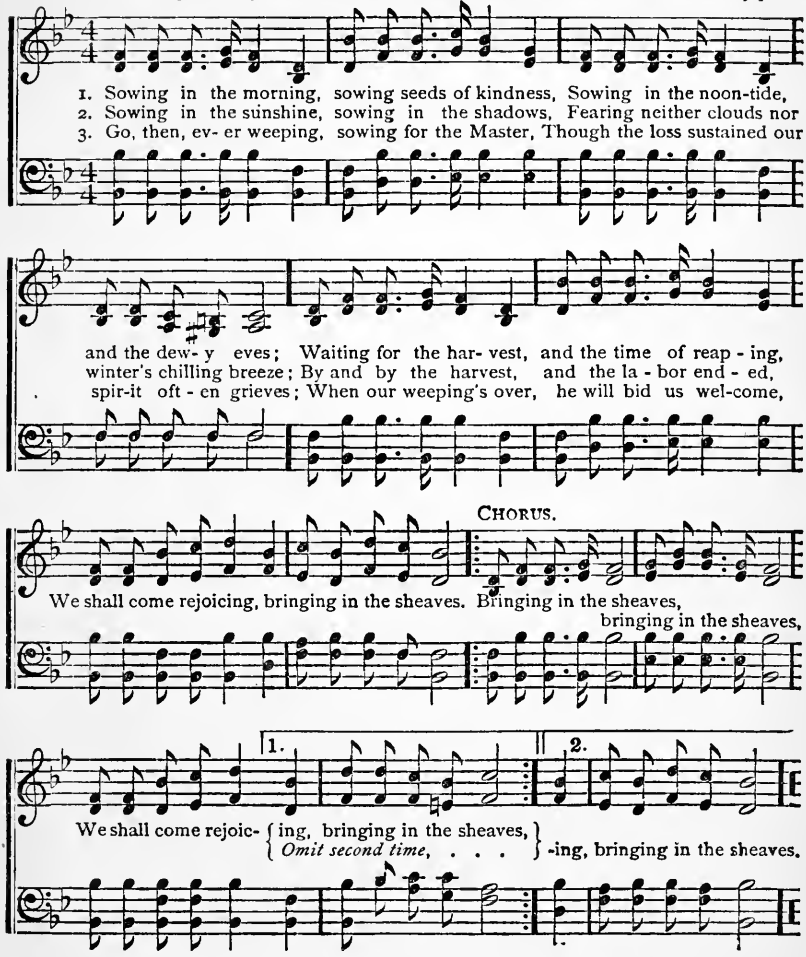
Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Jno. R. Sweney.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. xiii. 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



THE BEST FRIEND.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth so lowly,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now enthroned among the holy,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

The precious Song.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

No other Name.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Jno. R. Sweney.

4 No other name! when, like a flood,
Temptations beat upon the soul;
Faith, breathing that one name to God,
The raging billows shall control!

5 In peace or conflict, toil or rest,
In wealth or want, in praise or blame,
I'll wear it graven on my breast,
And dying, plead no other name!

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The City of Refuge.

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. ROBSON.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Pe. v. 7.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Hallelujah to Jesus.

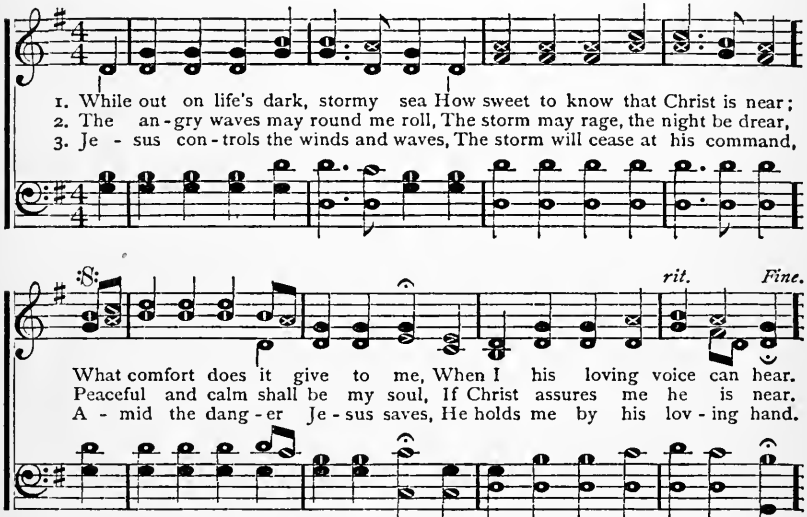
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

71 I will not Fear.

CHAS. J. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.



4 I'll trust in his almighty power,
Since he has bid me not to fear;
I know that in life's darkest hour
Jesus my Saviour will be near.

5 My little bark he'll safely guide
Into the port of endlest rest,
And there with him I shall abide
And naught my soul shall e'er molest.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

I am Glad there is Cleansing.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Arr. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.

4 Why need we struggle on in self,
We cannot make one black spot white;
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone,
Can change and cleanse the heart aright.

5 I come! I come! and glad I am
That Jesus calls the lost and vile;
There thousands have a cleansing found,
I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

By permission.

Out from the Shore.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Marching Home to Canaan's Shore.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

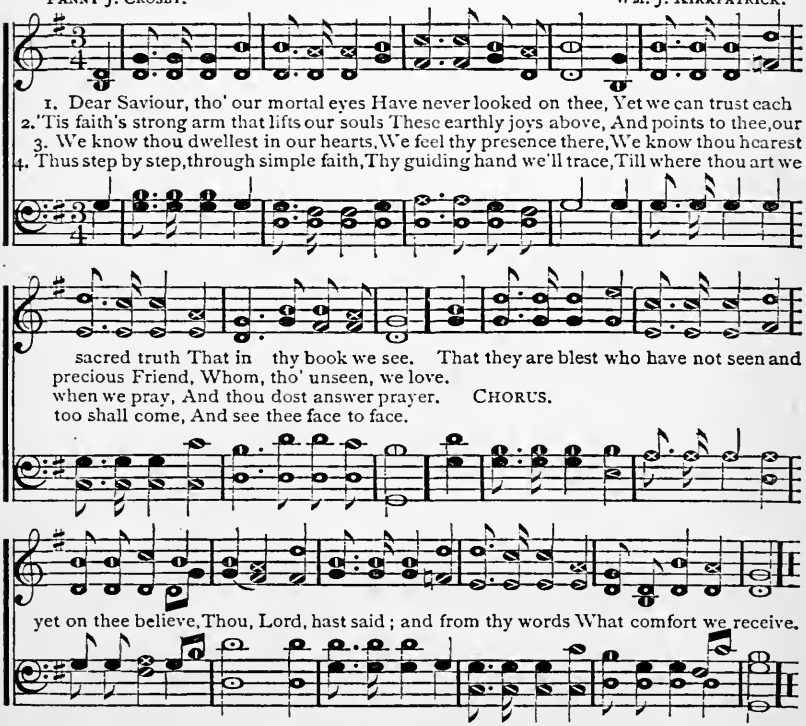
Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

75 Faith.

"The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Jesus our Light.

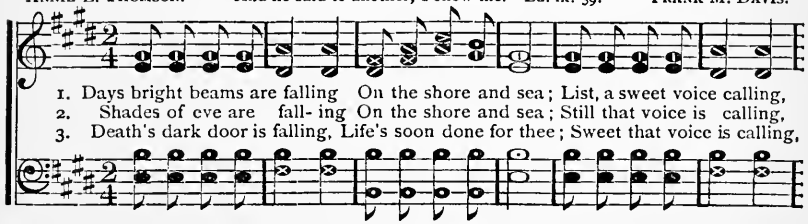
Lizzie Edwards. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

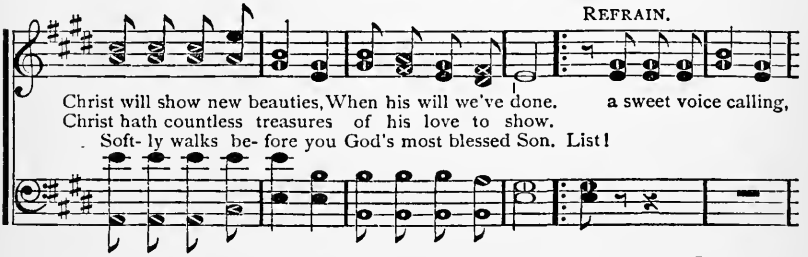
Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

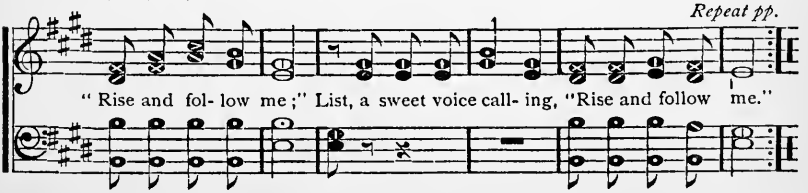
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Rise and follow Me.

ANNIE E. THOMSON. And he said to another, Follow me.—Lu. ix. 59. FRANK M. DAVIS.







From "New Pearls of Song," by per.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Nearing our Home.

W. H. Ruddiman. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1879, by John J. Hood.

The God of Abrah'm praise.

1 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heav'n confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Be of Good Cheer.

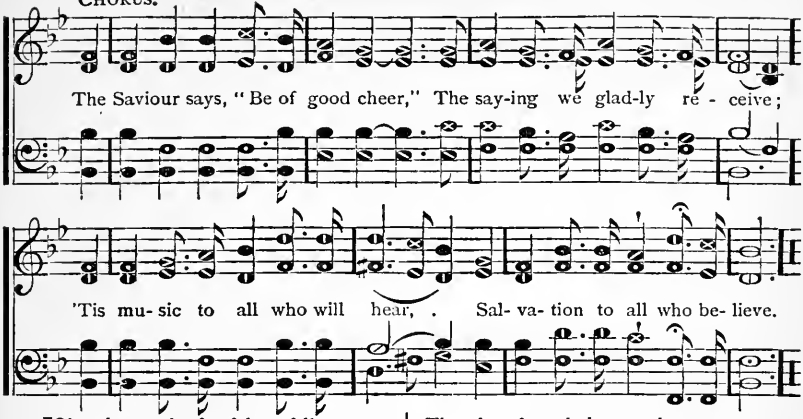
W. H. Flaville. Jno. R. Sweney.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Be of Good Cheer.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



3 Oh, who can be fearful, or fall,
Or fail to be earnest and brave,
Whilst He is salvation to all
Who'll trust in his power to save?

Then be of good cheer and go on;
Your Saviour the path will make clear,—
His voice, in sweet whispers, anon,
Is bidding us be of good cheer.

Lost One.

J. M. WIGNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

4.
Lord, I come, my sins confessing;
Jesus' blood my only plea:
Keep me in the path of blessing,
Close, close to thee.

5.
Then, when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven forever,
Blest, blest, with thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Come and See.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

Triumph By and by.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer.

By permission.

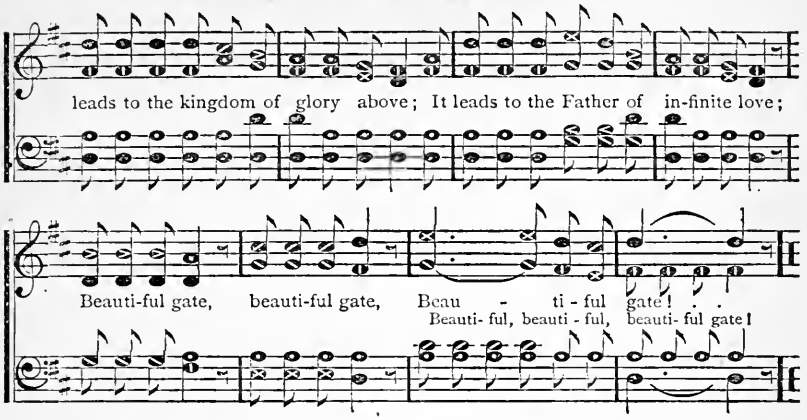
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Beautiful Gate.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. "Enter ye in at the strait gate." Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI



Little Ones like Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

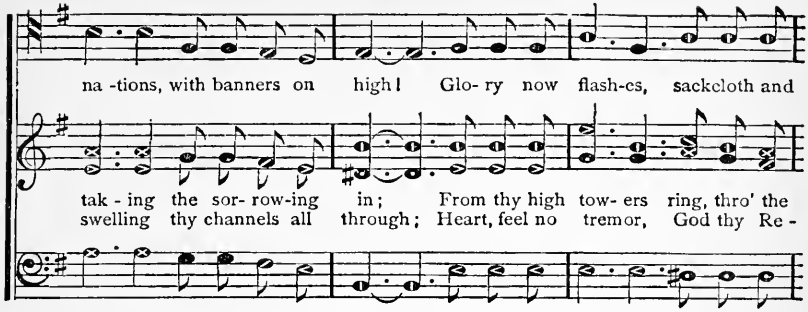
Zion.

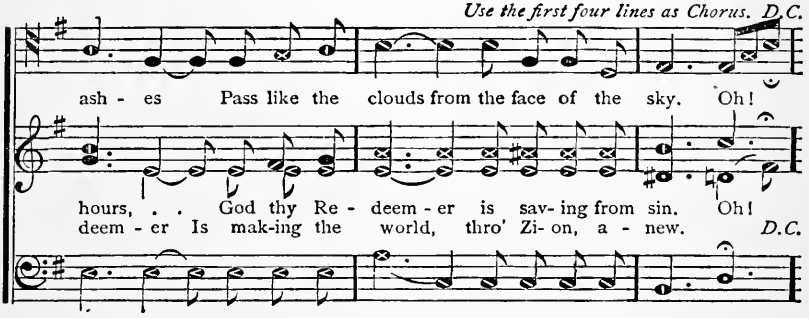
Jno. R. Sweney.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."—Song of S., vi. 10.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI





Glory to the Lamb.

Rev. B. W. Gorham. By per.

The Flowing Fount.

Arranged by C. H. G.

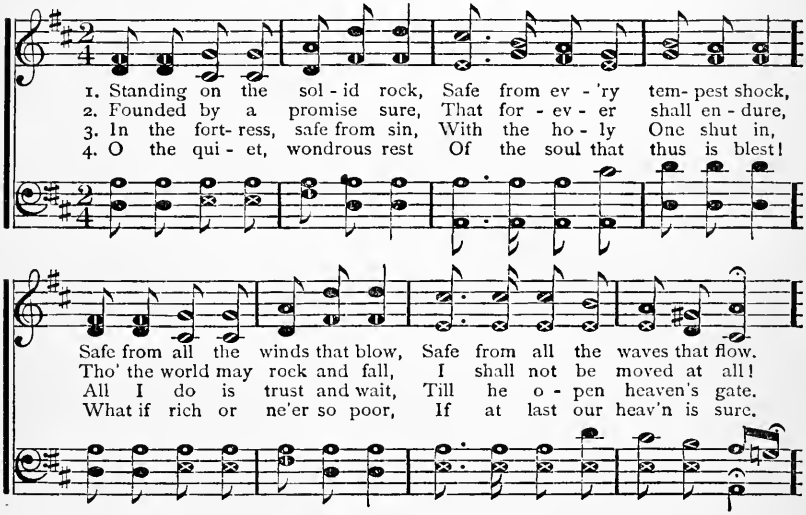
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Solid Rock.

EDGAR PAGE. "That Rock was Christ." S. J. ROBSON.



COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

He is Risen.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Children's Blessing.

Arranged. FOR THE INANT-SCHOOL. THOS. H. ERVIN.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Mystic Star.

Arranged by J. A. Danks. Jno. R. Sweney.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Angels' Story.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

A pallid Dawn is stealing.

Mrs. Flora B. Harris. AN EASTER SONG. Jno. R. Sweney.

Andante con espress.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

97 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

Tune, RATHBUN. 8,7.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory, etc.

Touch not nor Taste.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Touch not, etc.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

3 Go, seek them out,—poor, wand'ring sheep,
That, on the mountain cold,
Are hungry,—starving now for bread,—
Go, lead them to the fold:
There comes a cheering thought to those
Who toil in patient love,—
Each soul reclaimed shall be a star
To deck their crown above.

God is Love.

Tune, BARTIMEUS, 8, 7.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove
From the gloom his mercy streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

100 Peaceful Rest.

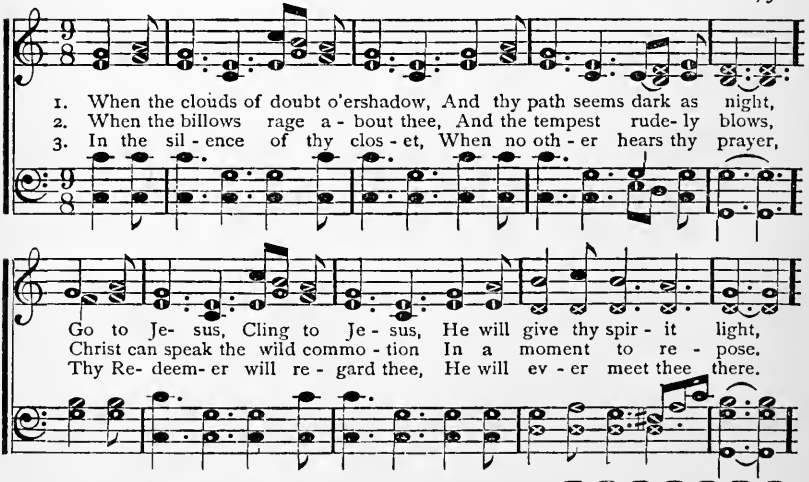
Old Melody, arr. by Ed.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

101 Cling to Jesus.

E. R. Latta. Wm. Church, Jr.



Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Cling to Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

102 Wash Me white as Snow.

WESLEY. T. C. O'KANE.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by T. C. O'KANE.

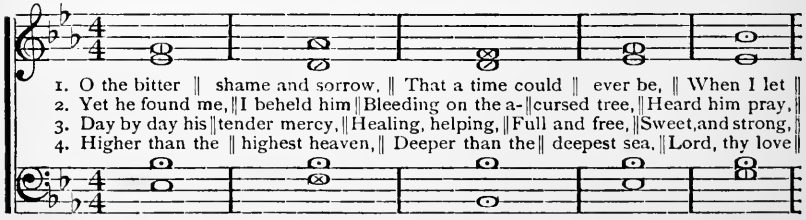
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

103 The Herald of Day.

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. SWENEY.

104 The Altered Motto.

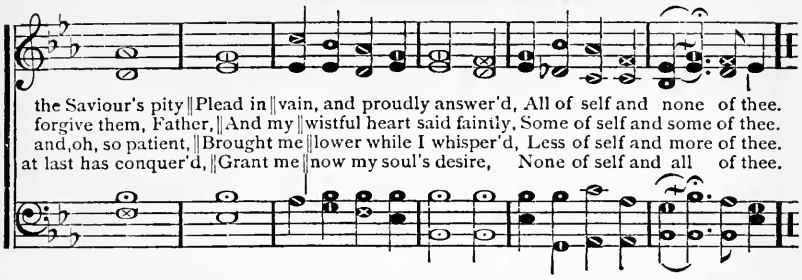
REV. THEO. MONOD. J. G. ROBINSON.



COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Altered Motto.—CONCLUDED.



105 Balm in Gilead.

Old Melody arr., Music of Chorus by J. R. S.

3 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

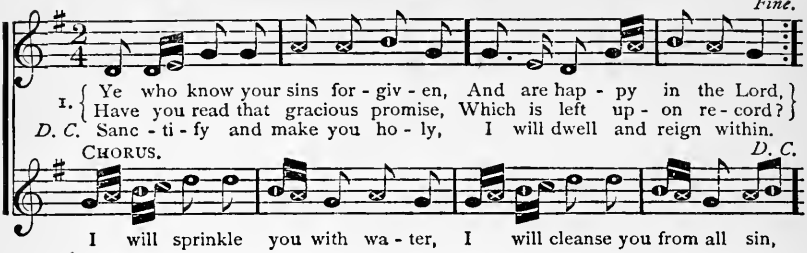
6 Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only, Look and live.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

106 I will Sprinkle.

Old melody, arr. by ED.



2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,—
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.

3 Be as holy, and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus only Jesus know.

4 Spread, O spread the joyful tidings,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conform-ed
To the image of his Son.

5 O may ev'ry soul be fill-ed
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, he is coming;
O prepare, prepare the way.

107 Thou hast Rescued even Me.

F. J. C. J. R. S.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

108 Praise ye the Lord.

Arranged. W. J. K.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

---

109 OH, HOW HE LOVES!

Same tune.

1 One there is above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know him,
Oh, how he loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe him,
Oh, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us,
Oh, how he loves!

3 Blessed Jesus! would you know him?
Oh, how he loves!
Give yourself entirely to him,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how he loves!

4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all your foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory he will guide you,
Oh, how he loves!

110 He speaks to Thee.

Old Melody. 7s.

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

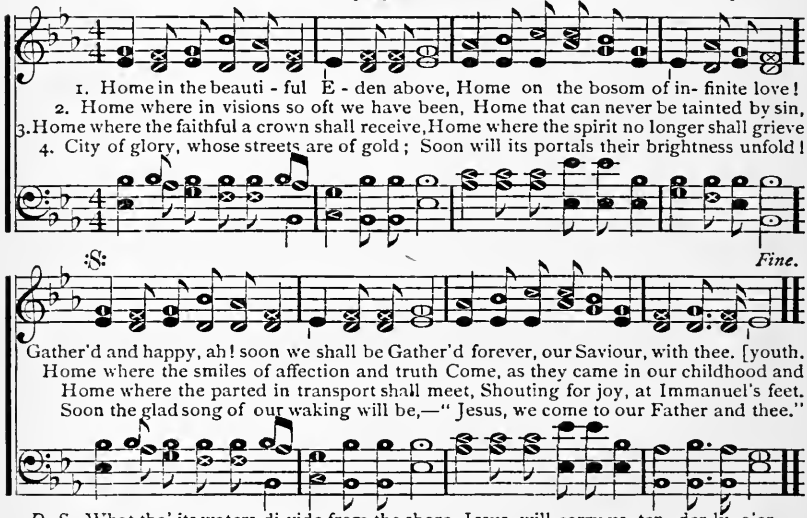
3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

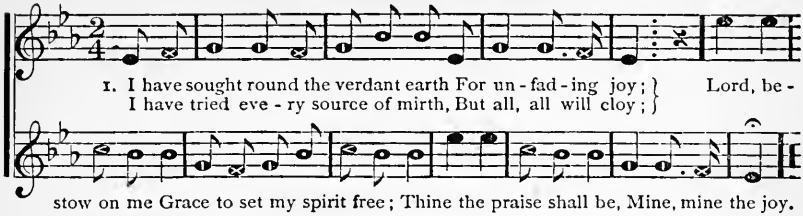
111 F. J. C. Home. J. R. S.



Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

112 I have sought. Tune, HAPPY LAND.



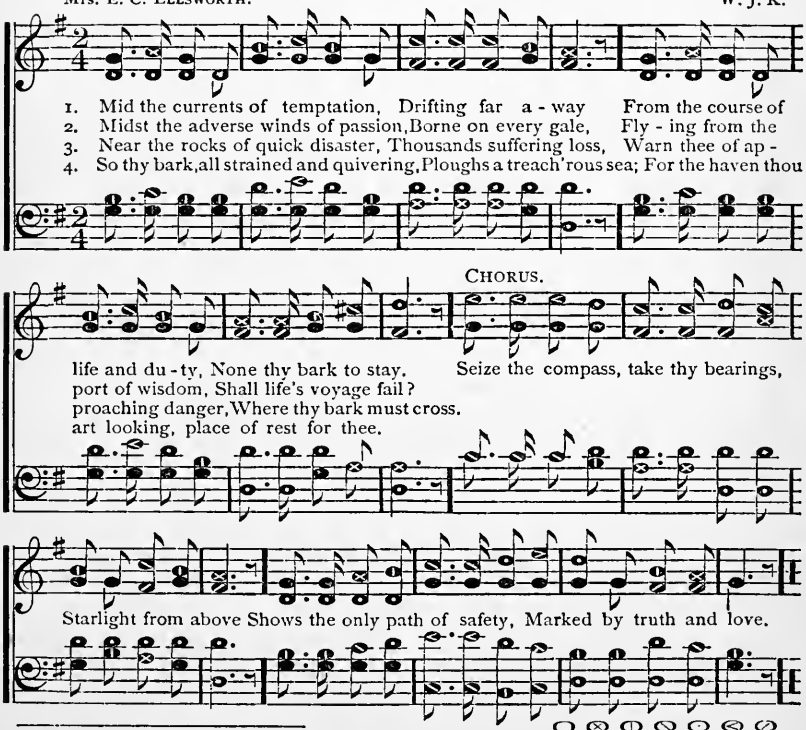
2 I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 Then I turned to Thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
Then I trusted Thy holy word
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release—
In Thy word my soul found peace,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
All my heart's richest tribute bring
To Thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by Thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

113 Take thy Bearings.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. W. J. K.

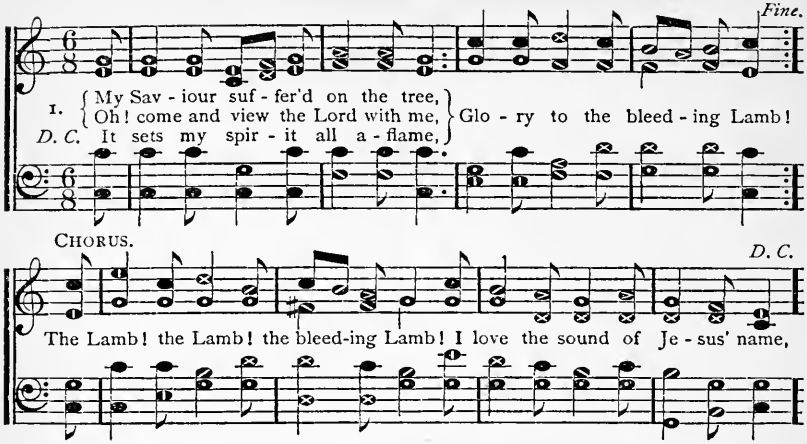


Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

114 The Bleeding Lamb.

Arranged, W. J. K.



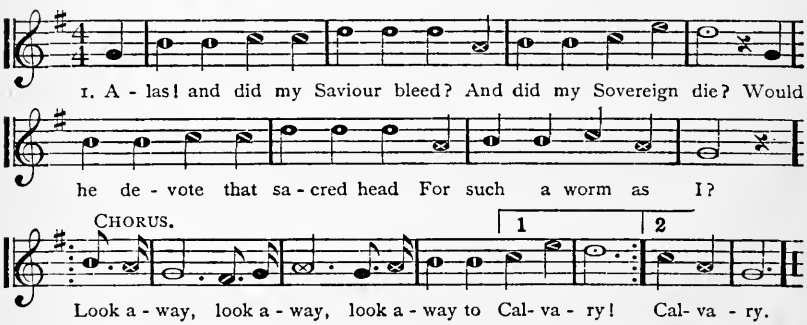
2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
And I am sav'd through Jesus' name,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

3 I know my sins are all forgiv'n;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
And I am on my way to heav'n,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

4 And when the storms of life are o'er,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

5 And this my ceasless song shall be,—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;—
That Jesus tasted death for me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

115 Look away to Calvary.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature,'s sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Second Chorus.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;

And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

116 There You'll sing Hallelujah. C. M.

Arranged by Ed.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

2 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!

4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

117 More Faith in Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. J. R. S.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

118 In the Light.

Arranged by Ed.

3 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;

4 They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

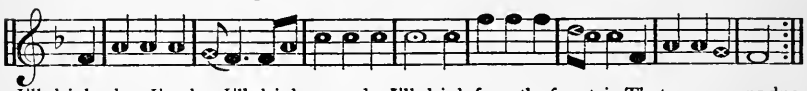
5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;

6 There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

7 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:

8 Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

119 O tell me no more.



I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll drink a supply, I'll drink from the fountain That never runs dry.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined
On that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe
In paradise live,
And me in that number
Will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay;
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,—
What light, strength, and com-
Go after him, go; [fort,—
Lo, onward I move
To a city above,
None guesses how wondrous
My journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why:

5 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted
To see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care
My neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them
Will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you
Free grace is so nigh?

120 I'm glad Salvation's Free.

1 I'M glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost,
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.

2 In this cold world below,
With none to care for me,
A pilgrim lone, without a home—
I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full;
But now I'm saved through Jesus' blood,
I feel it in my soul.

4 And now I'm on the way
To brighter worlds above;
I hope to triumph evermore
Through the Redeemer's love.

---

121 THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

Same tune.

1 I LOVE to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

Chorus.—There'll be no parting there,
There'll be no parting there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no parting there.

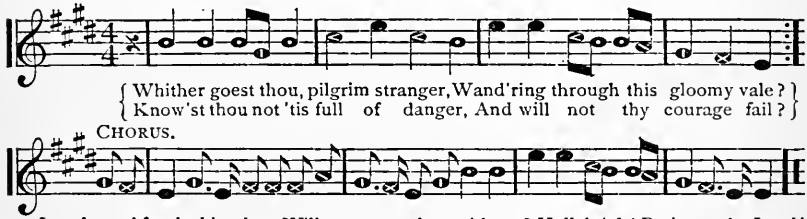
2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all their joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

122 I am bound for the Kingdom.



2 Pilgrim thou hast justly called me,
Passing through the waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blest with such a guide.

3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee
Would not then thy courage fail?

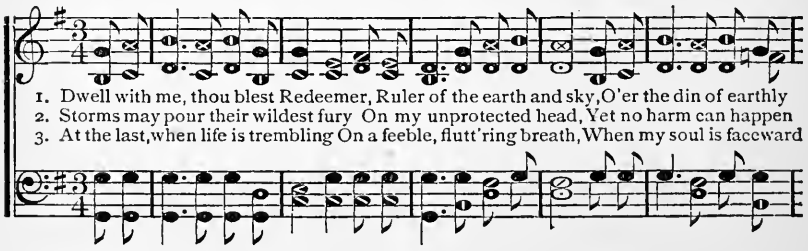
6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.

123 Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

124 Dwell with Me.

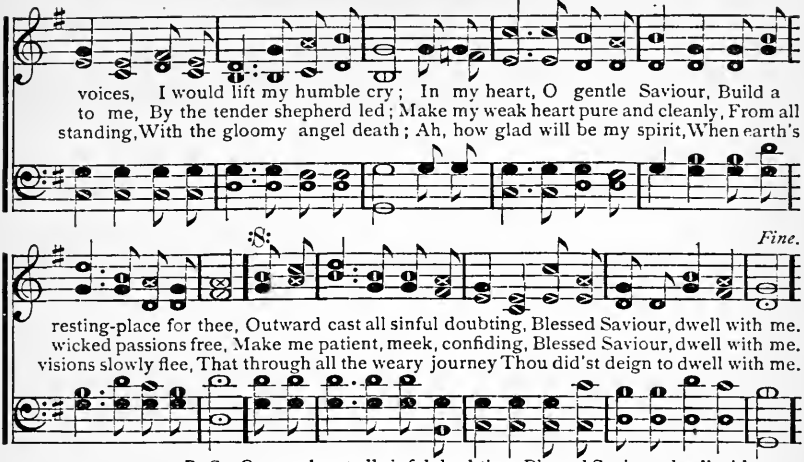
"MERLE MURRIE." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

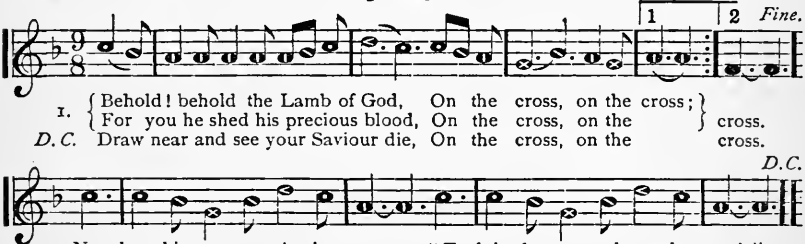
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Dwell with Me.—CONCLUDED.



125

On the Cross.



2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle fought the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

126 I want to go there too.

Arr. by Ed.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

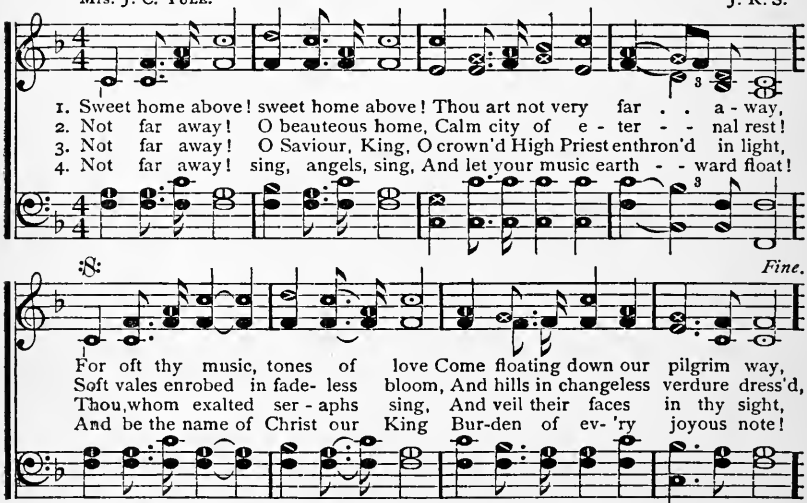
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

127 Not far away.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. J. R. S.



Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

128 Heaven is Propitious.

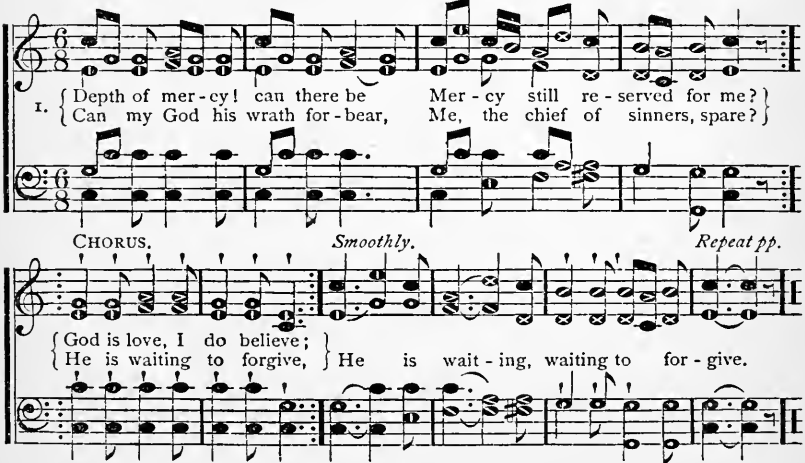
Arranged by Ed.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows a healing fountain;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know, I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! glory! glory!

129 Depth of Mercy.

J. Stevenson.



2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

130 More Grace to All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. R. S.

131 Delay Not.

Tune, ANDERSON. 11s.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vail of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

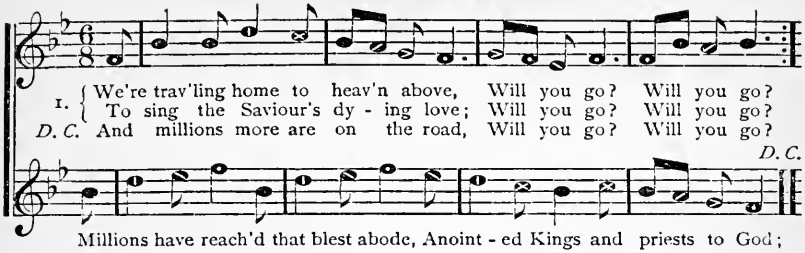
4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee [its aid!

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

132 Will You Go?

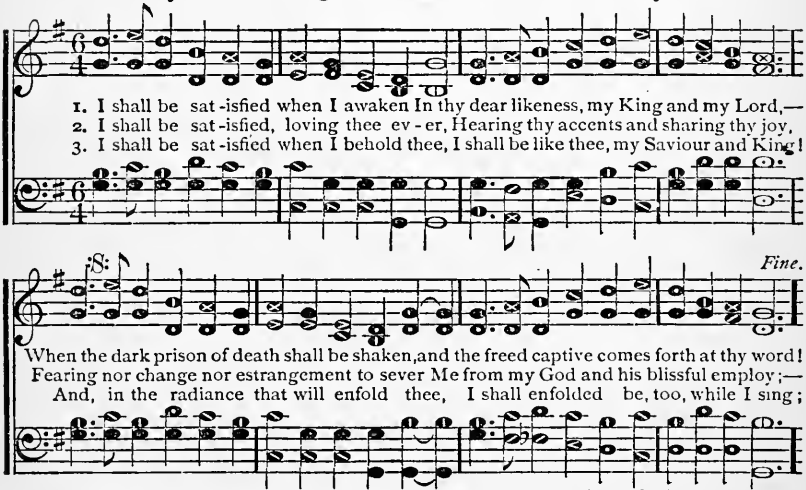


2 We're going to walk the plains of light;
Will you go?
Far, far from the curse of death and night;
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;"
Will you go?

133 Satisfied.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

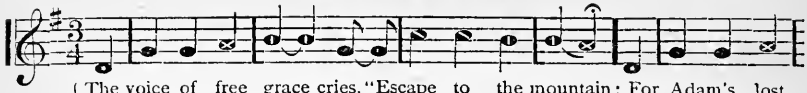


Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

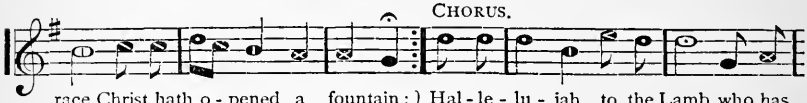
134 Free Grace.

Arr. by J. J. Matthias.

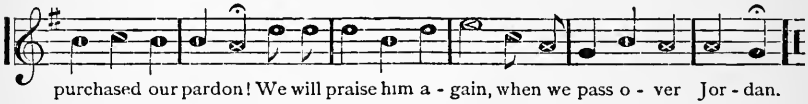


1. { The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost
   { For sin and uncleanness, and eve - ry transgression, His blood flows most

Chorus.



race Christ hath o - pened a fountain; } Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has
free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion." }



purchased our pardon! We will praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

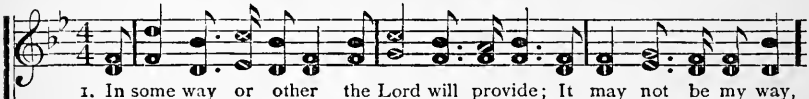
2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

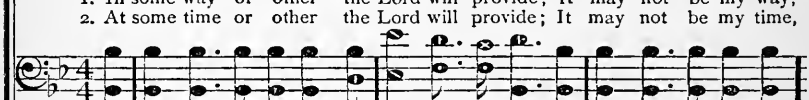
4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.

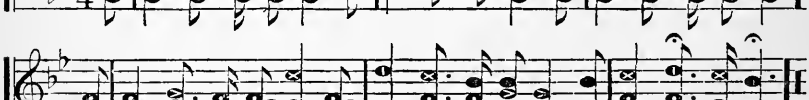
135 The Lord will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. C. S. Harrington.

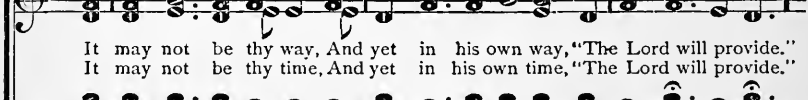


1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or other the Lord will provide; It may not be my time,





It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."



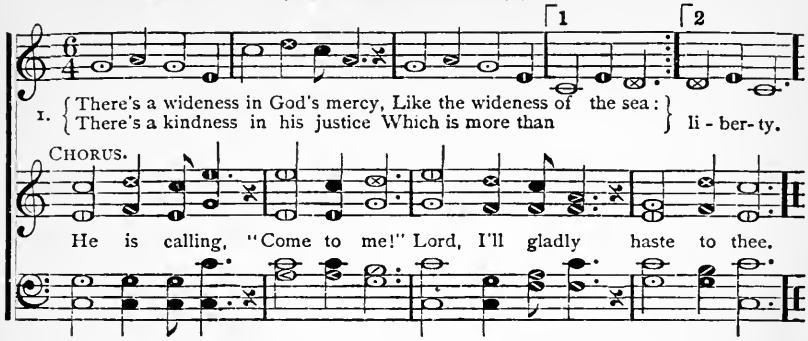
3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

136 FABER. **He is Calling.** ARR. by S. J. VAIL.

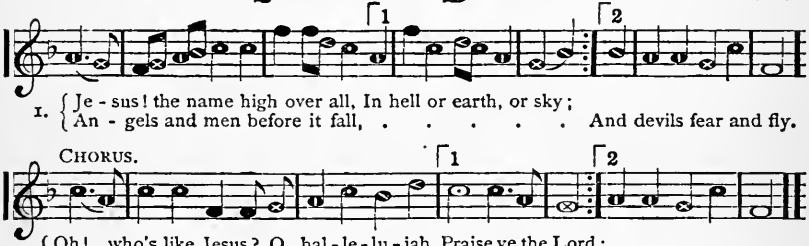


2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

137 **None like Jesus.** C. M.



2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

137A **CROWN HIM.**

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of sorrows" now
From the fight return victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow.

Cho.—‖:Crown him! crown him,
Angels crown him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings;":‖

2 Crown the Saviour! angels crown him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords.

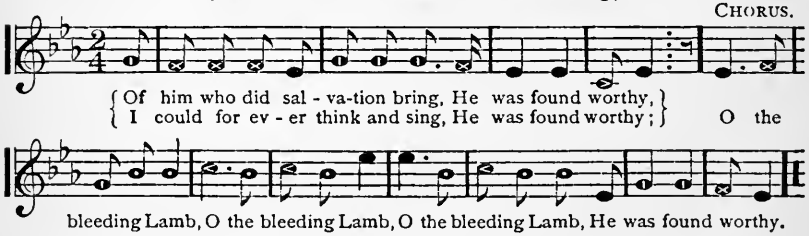
138 The Golden Harvest.

ANNIE CUMMINGS. WM. W. BENTLEY. By per.

139 He was found Worthy.

L. M.

CHORUS.



1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

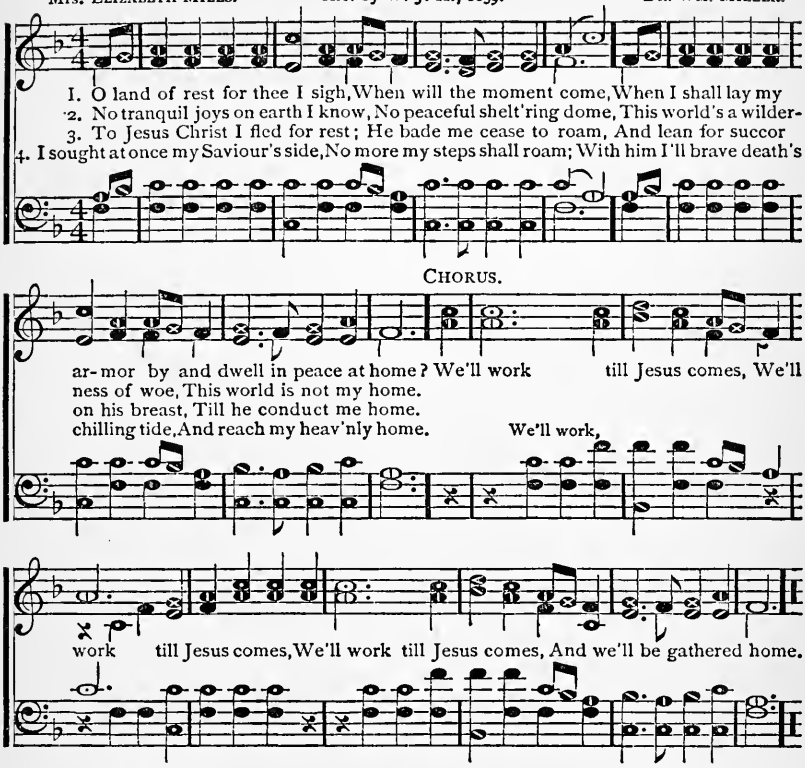
2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

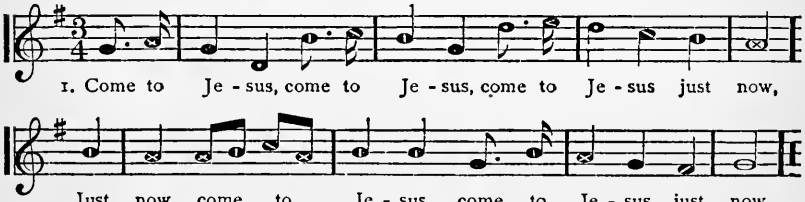
4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

140 We'll Work till Jesus comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Arr. by W. J. K., 1859. Dr. Wm. Miller.

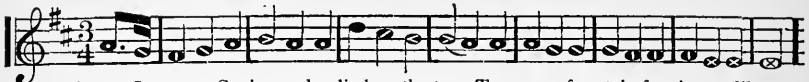


141 Come to Jesus, just now.

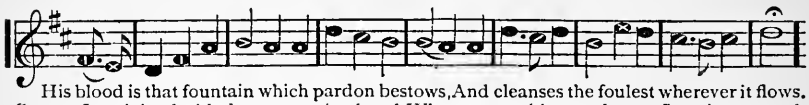


2 He will save you, just now.
3 Oh, believe, him, just now.
4 He is able, just now.
5 He is willing, just now.
6 He'll receive you, just now.
7 Flee to Jesus, just now.
8 Call unto him, just now.
9 He will hear you, just now.
10 He'll have mercy, just now.
11 He'll forgive you just now.
12 He will cleanse you just now.
13 He'll renew you, just now.
14 He will clothe you, just now.
15 Jesus loves you just now.

142 The Lion of Judah.

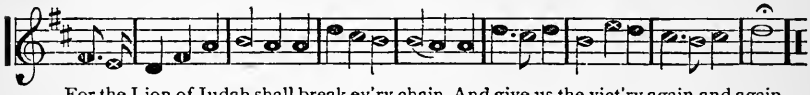


1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To open a fountain for sinners like me;
2. And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
3. And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head, From fountain to fountain, I then shall be led;
4. Come, sinners to Jesus, no longer delay, A full, free salvation he offers to-day;



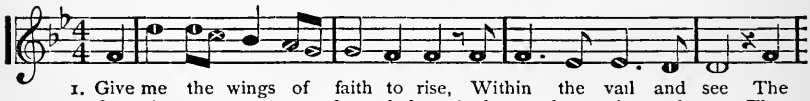
His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
So now I am joined with the conquering band, Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
I'll fall at his feet and his mercy adore, And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
Arouse your dark spirits, awake from your dream, And Christ will support you in coming to him.

CHORUS.

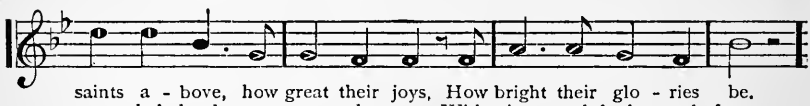


For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

143 Give me the Wings of Faith.

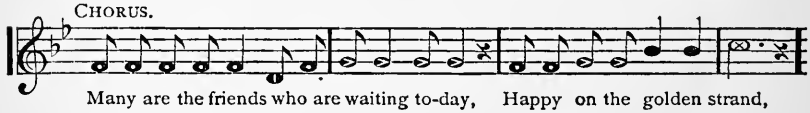


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail and see The
2. Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears; They
3. I ask them whence their victory came: They, with u - nit - ed breath, As-

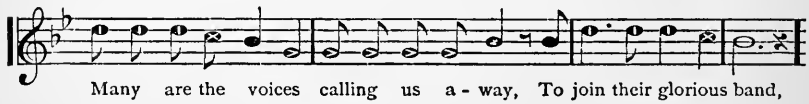


saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
cribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.

CHORUS.

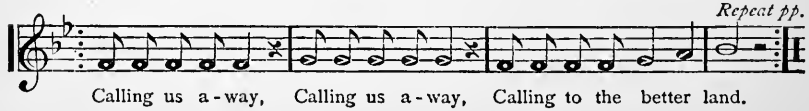


Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,



Many are the voices calling us a - way, To join their glorious band,

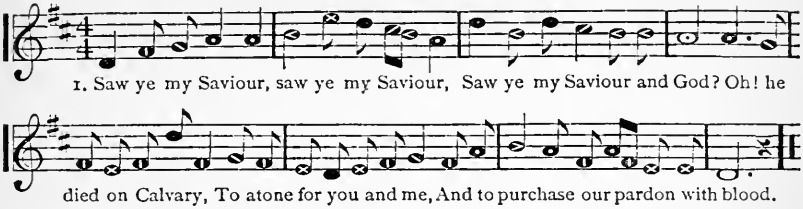
Repeat pp.



Calling us a - way, Calling us a - way, Calling to the better land.

144 Saw ye my Saviour?

SCOTCH MELODY.



2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
to the cross;
Here he bowed his head and died;
Thus my Lord was crucified
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince, and the Author of peace!
the Author of peace!
Oh! he bursts the bars of death!
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to the mansions of bliss.

4 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died;
Oh, behold my hands and side!
Oh, forgive them! I pray thee forgive!"

5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive."

145 Saw ye my Saviour?

To my friend J. B. Sweney. WM. G. FISCHER.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

146 Ever will I Pray.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psa. lv. 17.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.

From "The Shining Light," *by per.*

147 REVIVE THY WORK.

1 REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

Chorus.—Revive thy work, revive thy work,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

148 PRECIOUS FLOW.

1 WHAT subdued and conquered me?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What first set my spirit free?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 What has sanctified my soul?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What has made my spirit whole?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 What now saves me from all sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What now keeps me pure within?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 O what joy now fills my soul!
Glory be to Jesus;
O how sweet the Lord's control!
Glory be to Jesus.

CHESTER E. POND.

149

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Sweney.

Copyright, 1879, by John J. Hood.

150

SWEET HOME.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Chorus.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice gracious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

4 Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace!
Thy Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

4 I long, dearest Saviour, in thy beauty to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in thy bright image to rise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

151

Doxology.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

Words arr. by B. M. A. Melody by J. R. S. Harmony by W. J. K.

Slow, with dignity.

Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST LINES AND TITLES.

A

Abundantly Able to Save, . . . 62
A handful of Leaves, . . . 20
A home in those mansions of light, . . 54
A Hundred Years to Come, . . . 78
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? . . . 115
All to Thee, ... 58
Almost Saved, ... 23
And let this feeble body fall, . . . 116
A pallid Dawn is stealing, . . . 96
Are You Washed in the Blood? . . 14
As doth hart, in thirsty lands, . . . 28
As pants the hart for cooling streams, . 29
At the Golden Landing, ... 55
At the sounding of the trumpet, . . . 10

B

Balm in Gilead, ... 105
Beautiful Valley of Eden, . . . 43
Beautiful Zion! strong old Zion! . . . 88
Behold a stranger at the door, . . . 36
Behold! behold the Lamb of God, . . 125
Behold all around what a wonderful sight, . 17
Be of Good Cheer, ... 82
Beulah Land, ... 25
Bind Me closer every Day, . . . 18
Blessed Saviour, while we gather, . . 5
Bringing in the Sheaves, . . . 63

C

Cast thy Burden on the Lord, . . 69
Children of the heavenly King, . . . 118
Cling to Jesus, ... 101
Clouds robed in blackness, ... 38
Come and See, ... 84
Come to Jesus, just now, ... 141
Come, we that love the Lord, . . . 26
Companionship with Jesus, . . . 15
Crown Him, ... 137

D

Day and night my heart is shouting, . . 22
Day's bright beams are falling, . . . 79
Dear Saviour, though our mortal eyes, . 75
Delay not, delay not, ... 131
Depth of mercy, can there be, . . . 129
Doxology, ... 126
Drooping souls, no longer grieve, . . 128
Dwell with me, thou blest Redeemer, . . 124

E

Enthroned is Jesus now, ... 45
Ere the Sun goes down, ... 16
Ever will I pray, ... 146
Eye hath not seen it, ... 64

F

Faith, ... 75
Father, in the morning, unto thee I'll pray, . 146
Fill me now, ... 149
Fly, fly to the city of refuge, . . . 68
Fount of Bliss, ... 56
Fount of mercy, stream divine, . . . 61
Free Grace, ... 134
Friends of yore have flown to heaven, . 55
Full Surrender, ... 32

G

Give me the wings of faith to rise, . . 143
Glory be to the Father, ... 126
Glory to the Lamb, ... 89
God is love; his mercy brightens, . . 99
Guard the Entrance, ... 21

H

Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, . . . 110
Hallelujah to Jesus, ... 70
Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing, . 14
Heaven and earth and rolling ocean, . . 108
Heaven is Propitious, ... 128
He is a whole Christ; he is a full Saviour, . 48
He is Calling, ... 136
He is Risen, ... 92
Help me to sing a song for thee, . . . 13
He speaks to thee, ... 110
He was found worthy, ... 139
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, . 123
Home in the beautiful Eden above, . . 111
Hope of the desolate, Lord over all, . . 6
How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings, . 72
How can I live without Jesus, . . 24
How lost was my condition, ... 105
Ho! ye seekers after pleasures, . . . 84

I

I am bound for the Kingdom, . . 122
I am Glad there is Cleansing, . . 72
I have read of a land whose inhabitants say, 64
I have sought round the verdant earth, . 112
I have work enough to do, ... 16
I'll drink when I'm dry, ... 119
I'll praise the Lord for joy below, . . 9
I love to think of heaven, ... 121
I'm glad salvation's free, ... 120
In a land fair and bright, ... 40
In some way or other the Lord will provide, 135
In the cross of Christ I glory, . . . 97
In the Light, ... 118
In the Strength of Jesus, ... 44
Into his image to grow, ... 60
I rest on him, the crucified, ... 49
I shall be satisfied when I awaken, . . 133
It is not that the city is glorious to behold, . 57
I've reached the land of corn and wine, . 25
I want to go there, too, ... 126
I will not Fear, ... 71
I will Sprinkle, ... 106

J

Jesus, ... 11
Jesus has died for Me, ... 19
Jesus loved the little children, . . . 93
Jesus my ark of rest, Jesus my all, . . 117
Jesus our Light, ... 76
Jesus, precious unto me, ... 18
Jesus! the name high over all, . . . 137
Jesus, the only name that's given, . . 67
Jesus, when he left the sky, ... 87
Just as I am, without one plea, . . . 43

K

Keep me ever close to thee, . . . 47

L

Launch out from the shore, Christian, . . 73
List, list 'tis the angels singing, . . . 95
List to the lay of the heavenly land, . . 63
Little ones, like me, ... 87
Look away to Calvary, ... 115
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, . . 137
Lord, for thy gift of grace, ... 130
Lord, I make a full surrender, . . . 32
Lord, I sought and found thee precious, . 107
Lost, but Found, ... 42
Lost one! wand'ring on in sadness, . . 83
Love of God, amazing love, ... 56

M

Marching Home to Canaan's Shore, . 74
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature, &c., 150
'Mid the currents of temptation, . . . 113
Mighty Deliverer, ... 6
More and more it Shineth, ... 34
More faith in Thee, ... 117
More Grace to all, ... 130
More like Jesus, ... 7
My Father's Welcome, ... 39
My God, my God, to thee I cry, . . . 102
My hope has found an anchor, . . . 50
My Pathway grows Brighter, . . . 33
My pilgrim path, from day to day, . . 39
My Saviour suffered on the tree, . . . 114
My Shepherd, ... 30
Mystic Star, ... 94

N

Nearing our home, ... 80
None like Jesus, ... 137
No other name, ... 67
Not far away, ... 127
Now wave the standard of the Lord, . . 74

O

Of him who did salvation bring, . . . 139
Of the people none were with him, . . 53
Oh, blessed fellowship divine, . . . 15
Oh, the joy that fills my heart, . . . 42
O land of rest for thee I sigh, . . . 140
One there is above all others, Oh, how he . 109
One there is above all others, Well deserves . 65
On the Cross, ... 125
On to the field, ... 51
Onward we tread to the city of God, . . 80
O sinner, come home, ... 46
O sweet and wondrous gift, ... 59
O tell me no more, ... 119
O the bitter shame and sorrow, . . . 104
O try it and see, ... 37
Out from the Shore, ... 73
O where will be the birds that sing, . . 78
O youth in the spring-time, ... 86

P

Panting for Thee, ... 28
Peaceful Rest, ... 100
Perfect Peace, ... 59
Poor souls that from Jesus are going away, . 37
Praise ye the Lord, ... 108

R

Reap To-day, ... 17
Resting on the Lord, ... 49
Revive thy work, O Lord, ... 147
Rise and follow Me, ... 79

S

Satisfied, ... 133
Satisfied by and by, ... 45
Saviour Mine, ... 15
Saw ye my Saviour, ... 144, 145
Sentry, at the portal keep, ... 21
Soldiers of Zion, prepare for the charge, . 51
Source from whence the streams of mercy, . 47
Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds, &c., . 65
Standing on the solid rock, ... 91
Sweet home above, sweet home above, . 127

T

Take me as I am, ... 43
Take my life and let it be, ... 58
Take thy Bearings, ... 113
Tell me the Story of Jesus, ... 52
The Altered Motto, ... 104
The Angels' Story, ... 95
The Beautiful Gate, ... 86
The Bible, ... 41
The Bleeding Lamb, ... 114
The Children's Blessing, ... 93
The City of Refuge, ... 68
The Flowing Fount, ... 90
The God of Abra'm praise, ... 81
The Golden Harvest, ... 138
The Great Salvation, ... 48
The Herald of Day, ... 103
The Home beyond the River, ... 54
The Lay of the Heavenly Land, . . . 63
The light on my pathway grows brighter, . 33
The Lion of Judah, ... 142
The Lord is my shepherd, ... 30
The Lord will Provide, ... 135
The Love that Redeemed, ... 53
The night of sin, long and gloomy, . . 103
The precious Song, ... 66
The prize is set before us, ... 85
There are angels hov'ring round, . . . 31
There is a calm and steady light, . . . 76
There is a land of pure delight, . . . 126
There is an hour of peaceful rest, . . . 100
There is a word whose magic thrill, . . 11
There is None like Thee, ... 5
There's a precious song that my heart, &c., 66
There's a song, thrilling song, in the air, . 94
There's a wideness in God's mercy, . . 136
There You'll sing Hallelujah, . . . 116
The Solid Rock, ... 91
The Stranger at the Door, ... 36
The Swing of Conquest, ... 12
The voice of free grace cries, ... 134
The Wanderer, ... 38
The whole wide World for Jesus, . . . 27
The world is overcome, ... 89
They come, the war-scarred vet'rans come, . 12
Tho' oft' mine eyes with wond'ring gaze, . 19
Tho' tempted and tried we may be, . . 82
Thou best of books, the Word of God, . 41
Thou hast Rescued even Me, ... 107
'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace, . 35
'Tis well with me, ... 50
To see my Saviour there, ... 57
Touch not, nor taste the sparkling cup, . 98
Triumph By and by, ... 85
'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, 142

U

United, ... 22

W

Waiting is the golden harvest, . . . 138
Walk in the Light, ... 77
Wash me white as Snow, ... 102
Waters from the smitten rock, . . . 90
We are More than Conquerors, . . . 8
Weary pilgrim on life's pathway, . . . 69
We'll work till Jesus comes, ... 140
We're Marching to Zion, ... 26
We're trav'ling home to heaven above, . 132
We speak of the land of the blest, . . . 40
What a Gath'ring that will be, . . . 10
What shall separate us, ... 8
What ! sitting at ease when there's work to . 20
What subdued and conquered me? . . . 148
When the clouds of doubt o'ershadow, . . 101
While out on life's dark, stormy sea, . . 71
Whither goest thou pilgrim stranger? . . 122
Whoever receiveth the crucified one, . . . 62
Will you go? 132
Wonderful Grace, ... 35

Y

Yes, more and more it shineth, . . . 34
Ye who know your sins forgiven, . . . 106

Z

Zion, ... 88

THE GARNER

is probably the *most popular* of JNO. R. SWENEY'S music books, it has received numberless indorsements as a most excellent work for use in Sunday-schools or prayer meetings.

THE GARNER has a concise Elementary Department, occupying about 20 pp., to which we would call the attention of Teachers of Music Classes as affording a good and inexpensive text book for their use.

PRICE.—boards, 35 cents, by mail; $3.60 per doz., by express. Cloth, 50 cents.
HYMN EDITION,—boards, 12 cents, by mail; $10. per 100, by express.

THE QUIVER

OF SACRED SONG,

By JNO. R. SWENEY & WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

THE QUIVER has none but the *choicest selections*, mostly new, and is now issued with the confidence that, being in every respect equal in merit to its predecessor, THE GARNER, it will have a like extensive and useful career.

The introduction by THE QUIVER of a truly beautiful and easy system of Character Notes, to be know as HOOD'S NOTATION, affords advantages that will be appreciated by all students of music: not only does the new notation assist the reader of moderate ability by giving a separate sign to each note of the scale, but, by its scientific construction, it leads to and simplifies the study of harmony and composition. Unlike most other systems of character notes, Hood's Notation does not detract in the slightest from the appearance of the notes as in ordinary music, the general opinion being that ordinary notes are made plainer and handsomer by the additional characters.

PRICE.—boards, 35 cents, by mail; $3.60 per doz., by express.

A HYMN EDITION will be ready for issue about June 25th, 1880.

PRICE.—boards, 12 cents each, by mail; $10. per 100, by express.

A GRAND COMBINATION!

THE QUIVER and THE GARNER

BOUND IN ONE VOLUME.

PRICE.—boards, 65 cents, by mail; $6.60 per doz., by express.
HYMN EDITION.—boards, $15. per 100, by express.

Philadelphia:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 ARCH ST.